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CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, EDITOR.

Vol. II—No 31.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY JULY 30, 1857.

\$1 50 a Year, in Advance.

Parity.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. MRS. ELIZABETH B. EARLY, WIFE OF BISHOP JOHN EARLY, OF LYNCHBURG. The struggle of her—life's flickering lamp's...

strength, their means, their talent, and influence, and thus jointly accomplish what could not be accomplished by them singly. Take for instance the general churches in any one of our circuits...

doors all these evils will in reality lie, will stand before God and the world as violators of pledged faith, as 'sowers of tares,' as disseminators of bad and injurious influences, as doers of harm rather than good.

Do the Right Thing at the Right Time. A pleasure-boat was lately fanning along, one summer afternoon, against a strong ebb-tide. The owner lounged in the stern-sheets, with his hand on the tiller, watching the sails that dropped along past like white gulls settling on a beach.

An Old Heretic Caught. With amusement and with no little instruction, we have been reading an account of some curious Presbyterian proceedings in the northern part of the State of New York.

Washington's Farewell. The following is a letter written by a lady upwards of eighty years old, residing in Philadelphia, to her grandson in Washington, District of Columbia.

A Young Hero. Master Walters had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars whistling in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional...

Selections.

Consecrate Churches. Agreeably to an intimation given last week, a few thoughts are offered in respect to churches, united or confederated together for the great work of preaching the gospel to every creature.

Happy Conversions.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY DESTROYED. The Journal and Messenger of Cincinnati contains the following highly interesting narrative: By frequent visits to that school of vice, the Theatre, a few young men became so intoxicated with the performances on the stage, that they determined to spread its blasting influence by forming a dramatic society, the object of which was to get up special entertainments for the young, and display their own skill in these exercises.

A Remarkable Dream.

A pious man once related the following dream, which we will give you in his own words: I have known the grace of God for nearly thirty years. But in spite of all my advice to my five sons and two daughters, all running on in the broad way to destruction, they cost me many prayers and tears, and yet I saw no truth in my letters. In January last I dreamed that the day of judgment was come; I saw the Judge on his great white throne; the holy angels sat around him.

The Marriage Relation.

The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's feelings; not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility or folly; we must see or feel them; if we do neither, they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need for forbearance; but to throw the mantle of affection around them concealing them from each other's eyes; to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good-tempered forbearance, because it is the only way of mitigating the present evil, always with a view to ultimate amendment.

Musquitoes and Spirits.

Some use for musquitoes found at last! We said to a friend the other day, who was once a regular communicant of the Church, but has gone after spiritualism, 'Spirits don't seem to be much in vogue, of late. Spiritualism is rather on the decline, in New Orleans.'

Dying Profitably.

To die profitably is a step beyond dying comfortably; I mean to die so as to do good to those that are about us in dying—to die so as to convince them of sin and convert them from it; which is to die like Sampson, when he slew more Philistines at his death than in all his life before. We die profitably when our natural death is a means of spiritual life to any. Now this will not, cannot be, in the way of believing. He that doubts, droops, desponds, calls in question, and dies so as rather to frighten from than allure to the love of religion and godliness.—Philip Henry.

The Hungarian Language.

The Hungarian language is especially remarkable for its conciseness, and is admirably adapted to express all the various phases of human emotion. On the tribute it rolls like thunder from the lips of the patriotic orator, and the dulled mind is aroused from its lethargy. From the mouth of the poet, who soars on the wings of inspiration, it sounds now as the triumphant song of the rising lark, when the theme is of liberty; now, as the warbling of the nightingale, when the lay is of love, its pains and its pleasures. No other language has such lofty expressions for the feelings of love and patriotism, and never has their magic failed to touch the heart of the genuine Magyar.—Secreto.